

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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THE FIELD AFAR

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

THE fifth Christmas at Mary-
knoll! We look forward to
the anniversary with gratitude,
deep and sincere, as we recall the
beginnings at Hawthorne, our
Bethlehem, and the bountiful gifts
which strangers have since brought
to this favored child of Christ.
We greet our Master, the Prince
of Peace, with fervent thanks and
we pray that His spirit may fill
the souls of our many friends
during the blessed season upon
which we are so soon to enter.

* *

WE can't help it! Paper manu-
facturers have no hearts and
we must pay for their product no
less than six thousand dollars dur-
ing the year 1917. This means
400 per cent. more than the same
amount cost us two years ago.
O tempora! O mores! (These
are not swear-words.)

Beginning, then, with January,
1917, all individual subscriptions
to THE FIELD AFAR will be
ONE DOLLAR.

If you have taken out an ordi-
nary subscription for 1917, or if
you do so before January 1, there
will be no extra charge.

If you are already an Associate
Subscriber, the change announced
will make no difference to you.

If you live in Canada or beyond
the seas and are already paying
one dollar, you may keep your
soul in peace, at least as far as
THE FIELD AFAR is concerned.

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The new rate will make every
subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR a
member of the Catholic Foreign
Mission Society of America, en-
abling him to share in the many
spiritual privileges which it af-
fords.

* *

LESS than ten years ago—
it must be less, since THE
FIELD AFAR has not yet reached
its tenth birthday—there was on
the clerical staff of this paper a
young woman, Mary Donovan,
who, after sending out thousands
of copies and registering hundreds
of names, decided to go to the
foreign missions. (Do you blame
her?) But it was not so easy as it
looked, because we could find no
house in all of the United States
that held out the ghost of a chance
to an aspirant foreign mission
nun. In Canada, with its many
convents, the case was almost as
hopeless, at least for one who
could not speak French.

After a year's study of that
language, however, Mary Dono-
van was received into a young
community near Montreal—the
Sisters of the Immaculate Concep-

OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY APPROACHES.

tion, at Outremont—and, as some of our readers know, she is now in China and known as Sr. Mary Angeline. She has been stationed for about four years in Canton, at present a centre of revolutionary uprisings and a dangerous post.

At this writing, however, we are not calling attention to the danger in which our friend is placed nor to the steadfastness which we know she will manifest under such trying conditions. The point which we wish to make is that Sr. Mary Angeline, as an American Sister in China, is remarkable principally because she is one of only three or four American nuns in that vast country, and one of only a score (we doubt if there are as many) in all the heathen parts of the world.

Recently Mother Mary Paul, a native of New York, returned to her mission in Uganda, British East Africa. Lately, too, we were told by the Sisters of Notre Dame in Cleveland that their Mother-General (in Mülhausen) had accepted a missionary field in India, which would doubtless be staffed by American nuns. This shows that the tide is rising. *Deo gratias!*

* *
IN view of THE FIELD AFAR'S tenth anniversary in January, 1917, we were bold enough to tell our friends that we should like at that time to report a list of 50,000 subscribers. To 'save our face' in the event of disappointment, we were careful not to say we expected to reach that number, but we really did see possibilities and had not our plans been upset by unavoidable circumstances, we might have come nearer to the fifty thousand.

The trial was made, however, and we can afford to leave results to Him Who giveth the increase. We know that many a Catholic paper would like to reach our circulation figure, at present 18,000, and we should be, as we are, content—for the present.

THE LIGHTNING CHAIN.

Here is an idea (we borrow one occasionally) for pushing THE FIELD AFAR:

Get 12 friends to become subscribers.

Induce each of the 12 to find 8 more and to ask each of these 8 to secure 4 others.

If the plan works, you will have added nearly 500 to our circulation. Figure it out!

I like to talk FIELD AFAR to some friend who has never heard of your paper. It is not that I always expect to add one to the *ought-to-be-fifty-thousand* list, but because I am cocksure that if I do, my friend will thank me later for opening his eyes to a mighty big cause and a fine little paper.

But how can you get it out for fifty cents a year? Or does everybody now join your Society and give you a clean dollar bill? Little enough at that, say I. Will you ever come to us oftener?

Thank you, dear reader, thank you. Not every one speaks to us as you do, but we count many good friends and we appreciate them. If we had the coveted 50,000 subscribers, we could probably go to you oftener, and if we had a thousand like you, we should have to begin soon—perhaps. Again, with one hand on our heart and the other on the latch, we say 'thank you,' but was there an enclosure in your envelope?

* *
WE had something of a start the other day and it brought with it its own consoling lesson. A letter written by the energetic rector of St. Joseph's Studiehuis, the latest Mill Hill preparatory school, in Tilburg, Holland, arrived at Maryknoll with this gratifying announcement:

We are getting along nicely here. We have begun building the extension and hope to have it finished by Christmas. As we could not accommodate all our students, we have sent about twenty-seven to Roosendaal (the House of Philosophy), where there was some extra room. We have ninety-five boys now and more are applying. It is pretty much the same in all the missionary colleges (eighteen) of Holland.

This letter, we repeat, gave us a start. What is the explanation of Holland's splendid response to the call for foreign missions? There is no need to consider any other cause than Divine Providence. The Catholic mission field is in danger, threatened with a woeful lack of workers, and God is in the heavens.

But Holland is free, unhampered by war, and she is serious. The din of battle in the distance, the inrush of refugees, the story of horror from the lips of the suffering, her own charity to the needy—all these influences have turned the minds of her people to high thoughts. The Master of the Vineyard has called for laborers and Holland is responding generously.

Yet why should this fact give us a start? The start was first of all a thrill of delight that the little waif of the seas should have risen so nimbly to the summons. Then came swiftly the reflection: *And why not we?* The answer is inevitable. We are beginning to heed God's call to the wilds of the nations and we *must* not only supply the vacancies in the harvest fields but add to the number of apostles who toiled there before the war, for "the night cometh when no man can work."

What startled us most, however, was the appreciation of some facts which, although anticipated, we realized for the first time. By September, 1918, we ought to see *completed* at least a section of a substantial structure that will house our own apostolic school at Clark's Green, Pa., and in order to erect such a building, we shall need to begin without delay some serious thinking about the *how* and the *wherewithal*.

Just now, as we write, we see the record of a \$15,000 mortgage which lies against our land at Clark's Green. This gives us little hope of 'holding up a bank' unless we can first get back our bill of sale.

Fortunately, however, there are Catholics in this country who, although they may not know much about St. Denis the Areopagite, will agree perfectly with his statement that "to co-operate with God in saving souls is to share in the most divine of all divine works." These people consider it a privilege to be in constant touch with such an undertaking as that for which Maryknoll stands, and we are more and more strongly convinced that there are thousands like them among all classes of American Catholics—diocesan priests, religious orders of men and women, and the ranks of the laity. Won't you help us to reach them?

No one who catches the spirit of foreign missions, can fail to realize that this spirit, spread through the United States, will strengthen the Church against the rising tide of selfishness and luxury that to-day is threatening.

WE learn from several sources that a movement has been set on foot in Ireland to establish a foreign mission seminary for the training of priests destined to labor among the Chinese. If this is true, and we believe it is, we hasten to express our pleasure.

There are a few Irish priests in China to-day, lone seculars working with the Lazarist Fathers. The number will be multiplied greatly if Catholic Ireland will back this new movement. *Prosit!*

* *

WHEN our next issue appears, the figures 1917 will be seen on its every page and the New Year will have been launched. We are gladly conscious that THE FIELD AFAR has the good-will of its readers, and though it is yet early, we add to our Christmas greetings: *A blessed and fruitful New Year!*



"You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."—St. Luke ii. 12.

Friendly Messages.

TO think that we have forgotten the name of one who could write like this about THE FIELD AFAR!

It is aglow with sunshine and splendidly illustrated. A fine humor runs through its interesting pages, all of which breathe and infuse the spirit of the world-wide Church. Of this attractive monthly thousands in our country and scores in foreign lands say, "I read it from cover to cover."

We once heard of a baby who cried for THE FIELD AFAR. (He—or was it she?—probably had nothing to chew on.) But here is a live editor who draws us to his sanctum and whispers:

Your spicy little magazine reached me when I was just recovering from a spell of sickness and to peruse it was medicine for me. I read it from beginning to end.

Occasionally we get weary of talking about ourselves and lately we have not saved space for many kind appreciations from subscribers. We will make up for lost time by printing almost in full this letter from the city of brotherly and sisterly love. It is certainly suggestive and encouraging:

I am sending herewith a money-order for the sum of four dollars, to cover six Ordinary Subscriptions and one Associate. I am becoming an Associate Subscriber and it is my hope that each of the persons whose names I have secured, may in time become Associates also. I shall be surprised if they can long withstand the appeal of your noble cause and your stimulating and refreshing little journal.

I am a convert of about sixteen months and have known THE FIELD AFAR less than a year, but to know it is to love it. My godmother has shared her monthly copy with me, but I am greedy to participate in the blessings of so wonderful a work and by possessing a copy "all my own," to insure against the danger of missing even one of your sparkling issues. I hope to obtain at least two and possibly three other subscriptions soon. I shall also give you the names of some friends to whom I should like you to send sample copies and to whom I will write regarding the matter.

My work as a librarian brings me in contact with a number of Catholic boys and I shall try to secure from among them at least one "router" for you. Please let me have *Stories from The Field Afar* as my premium and I will endeavor to get it into the hands of some of these boys.

And while the red still hangs on our cheeks—and on what is left of our hair—we dare to quote these lines from a priest who lives on a hill in Cincinnati:

Please set me down as one of your new subscribers. Your exceptionally fine paper has had a high place in my estimation from its first appearance, although my tardiness in subscribing might seem to belie the fact. I am enclosing a check for five dollars, to insure whatever length of membership this sum will cover.

I should never be able to tell you how much I appreciate the pleasant wit that so captivates readers of THE FIELD AFAR, not to mention the piety and zeal that are breathed forth in every line. You have my heartiest good wishes for the success of your work.

ROUTERS!

Beginning with the January number, our routers must get ten cents for each copy of *The Field Afar*. They will pay for each copy eight cents.

H A S N O P A I D A G E N T S .

The Note Page.



SEVERAL students of Mill Hill's Apostolic School at Freshfield, England, are still in the service of the army. Those who were assigned to garrison duty at home have been allowed to resume their studies.

An American city in China—with plenty of flats and apartment-houses—is the project for which preparations are even now being made by a Chinese resident of New York. The new city will be located near Pekin.

The print on this page and one of Joan of Arc that appeared some months ago, were reproduced from drawings by Miss Cooksey, of Liverpool, England. The originals—about $11\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{8}$ —are, we understand, for sale.

Two Maryknoll professors, the Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P., and the Rev. J. A. McHugh, O.P., have lately undertaken the editorship of the *Homiletic Monthly*. Fr. Callan is the author of *The Shepherd of My Soul* and of *Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions*.

Business interests are drawing our country closer to the Far East day by day. We learn that a corporation called the "Chinese American Exchange Company" has recently been organized to carry on trade between the United States and China and that preparations have been made to inaugurate a wireless commercial service between America and Japan.

A missionary in Africa, who read *A Modern Martyr* during his retreat this year, writes:

I was delighted with the book and made a firm resolution that I would recommend it to every priest I met. I myself am only a poor missionary, so

poor that I cannot afford to buy the volume for my own use. But if you have any friends who wish to offer some service to God's work, please tell them that they cannot do better than send *A Modern Martyr* to exiled missionaries. The reading of this book gives us strength and hope in our labors.

A welcome note was sounded recently in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* by the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C., whose name is familiar to every American reader of things Catholic. Fr. O'Neill has written numberless articles and several excellent books, two of which, *Priestly Practice* and *Clerical Colloquies*, are quite recent. His article in the *Review* is entitled *American Priests and Foreign Missions* and we hope to quote from it in future issues.

Our latest letter from Fr. Henry, Superior-General of the English Foreign Missions, brings gratifying news from the British Isles. Fr. Henry writes from Mill Hill's apostolic school at Freshfield:

This is my first visit here since the



beginning of the new scholastic year and I find everything in full swing. There are about forty-seven English and Irish boys in the school.

Christmas Gift-Books

"I have never read a foreign mission story," he said, and we answered that he was hardly to blame, because there are next to none in the English language.

HERE ARE TWO:

Stories from The Field Afar
(160 pages - - - 17 illustrations)

Field Afar Tales

(170 pages - - - 16 illustrations)

Each sells for sixty cents, postpaid.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR

Ossining

New York

Have you seen in the Catholic papers that the Irish bishops have lately sanctioned and blessed a scheme for the foundation of a mission-house in Ireland? It is to be especially for the Chinese missions. I hope it will be a great success. I have not yet heard who is at the head of the project, but there are plenty of vocations in Ireland and such an institution ought to do well.

"Behold the Lord hath made it to be heard in the ends of the earth, tell the daughter of Sion: Behold thy Saviour cometh: behold His reward is with Him, and His work before Him."
—Isa. lxvii. 11.

We have received from Fr. Kemper, a zealous missionary in Kerrville, Texas, a copy of the *Guadalupe Raccolta*. This excellent collection of prayers and catechetical instructions is published in the interests of Fr. Kemper's mission work—an apostolic undertaking that deserves hearty support. Readers of THE FIELD AFAR may obtain the booklet for ten cents a copy.

The author of *Abide With Me* writes that a notice of the book in these pages was fruitful, and as the fruit was generously returned for the needs of Maryknoll, we repeat the following:

Abide With Me is a little book of sixty pages, compiled by a Christian mother. It is an aid to mental prayer and contains a method of hearing Mass, preparations for confession and Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and a few miscellaneous prayers. It sells for thirty cents. (Kilner & Co., 824 Arch St., Phila., Pa.)



EVEN when our own youths shall be writing from over the seas, we hope still to keep up a correspondence with other missionaries, among whom we count friends of a dozen and more years. Lately the foreign mails have brought to Maryknoll:

FROM AFRICA—Letters from Fr. Brennan, Nkokonjeru; Fr. Kerkhaff, Nagalama; Fr. MacLoone, Nagalama; Fr. P. Rogan, Kisumu. Letter and promise of a Mass for our Society and its benefactors from Fr. McCabe, Iganga.

FROM CHINA—Letters from Fr. Arcaud, Chefoo; Fr. Kennelly, Shanghai; Fr. O'Leary, Kiashing; Fr. Robert, Hongkong. Mass promise from Bishop Wittner, Chefoo.

FROM INDIA—Letters from Archbishop Morel, Pondichery; Bishop Eestermans, Lahore; Fr. Ryan, Pudur. Letters and photographs from Fr. Colli, Secunderabad; Fr. Vaz, Mylapore. Letter and Mass promise from Fr. Romuald, Lyallpur.

FROM JAPAN—Letter from Fr. Spenser, Yokohama.

FROM MALESIA—Letter from Fr. Bergh, Mukah.

FROM OCEANIA—Letter from Bro. Robert, Honolulu.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES—Letters from Bishop Foley, Jaro; Fr. Killion, Jaro. Letter, photograph, and promise of two Masses from Fr. Hinterhuber, Barbaza.

TO OUR FRIENDS ON THE MISSIONS.

Fathers dear:—You are welcome to this paper. Do not think of paying for it. You need what little you have and we are nearer the base of supplies than you are.

If in your experience you meet with interesting examples of devotion to the Blessed Eucharist or to any other Catholic practice, we shall be thankful for a brief account of them.

May we ask if your Christians help even a little to support you? It is said that "God helps those who help themselves," and American Catholics would, we believe, be stimulated to give if they realized such a sign of appreciation on the part of your people.

The Mission Field.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

In many and many a country still
The Babe is yet unborn;
In other lands the Infant dear
Sees only Christmas morn.

How few the foreign climates where
Christ has grown God to be!
He does not live His Passion out,
Or fruit with love the Tree.

In places where He gives His life
By noble priesthood fair,
He only gets a sepulchre—
No Resurrection there.

And why is this? Look to yourself,
See if you play your part;
And do your duty in the cause
Of His Most Sacred Heart.

Humor, though at times grim, must abound in mission life. May we not hear about some of it? We admit that national traits make for different standards and that a Frenchman does not always penetrate a German joke, and vice versa, but we are Americans, an amalgamated type. Try us.

And among our hundreds of priestly readers on the field is there only one who can 'sketch a bit'?

We know that you have your troubles, but we have ours sometimes and we find that the cultivation of the God-given sense of humor is something of a relief.

In any event, don't fail to offer one of your many spare Masses for Maryknoll, for its baby, The Vénard, and for all our benefactors. Thank you.—*F. A.*

INDIA.

We are sorry to learn from the *Madras Watchman* that our good friend, Fr. Merkes, has been ill again. Last year, after his visit to America, Fr. Merkes underwent a serious operation in Holland.

"And the Gentiles shall see Thy Just One, and all kings Thy Glorious One."—Isa. lxii. 2.

Archbishop Jürgens, S.J., of Bombay, whose death occurred recently, was greatly loved by his priests and people. He showed much enterprise in undertaking works for the development of the mission and before the war, had formed plans for an important project—the establishment of a great high school where Indian Catholic girls might satisfy their desire for continued study.

Fr. D'Souza made his bow to our readers a few months ago as a native priest who wrote "good Queen's English." He modestly protests that we have given him the degree of "Master of Arts" in English literature and sends us the following 'spasm' to prove that he does not deserve the honor. We are now inclined to believe that Fr. D'Souza learned English from the 'funny pages' of the Sunday paper. He writes:

I know a little English, just enough to ask my way back in case I go astray or to beg a little mouthful in case I be starving. Suppose I inquire, "Where to going this road?" and I receive the answer, "To Timbuctoo." I become profoundly wise and retrace my steps, as I do not wish to go to this earthly Paradise. Suppose I say to a passer-by, "Me not ate tree days going." I know I shall get something tangible—a box or a dig—with a modest compliment and a free passage to the lower regions!

My English does me good service now when some kind benefactor in America sends me a dollar bill, or a check for more, towards my work. I say to him straight off, from my very heart, in the quaint, old way, "Thankee! God bless ye and ye pet lambs at home!" At times I have delivered this overnight-studied speech with extra zest and found people staring at me. Then, taking courage from the thought that my English is superfine and knowing that one cannot beat a Frenchman in politeness, I say, with all decorum and solemnity, "May God pickle you!" (That's the word for *preserve* in the International Dictionary and my Frenchman found it there.)

At fifty cents a year *The Field Afar* would be actually losing money and our subscribers would not wish this.

D E P E N D S O N I T S F R I E N D S .

THE PHILIPPINES.

A well-known Mill Hill priest from the Philippines, Fr. Verbrugge, has recently arrived in New York. Fr. Verbrugge, a native of Holland, has the direction of the Mill Hill missionaries in the diocese of Jaro, now the see of Bishop Foley.

A request for Catholic reading-matter has come to us from a Belgian priest in the Philippines who says that the boys and girls in his mission think "everything American is Protestant." If any of our readers wish to make good use of their old papers or magazines, they may send them directly to the following address: Rev. Morice Vanoverbergh, Bangar, La Union, Philippine Islands.

Here are some missionary tidbits sent to us by Fr. Laurence Rogan:

Old-time Filipino cook, to Fr. Joe, who has just come to his first parish in the Philippines: Indeed, Father, but it's a pity poor Pablo is dead and gone. That was a great Catholic. What a help he would be to you now, were he only alive!

Fr. Joe, who has already learned a few facts about these 'fine' Catholics: Did he ever go to Mass?

Old-time cook: Well, yes, Father—yes, he did. I knew him to go once in his life, anyway.

Fr. Joe: And when was that?

Old-time cook: 'Twas at his own funeral, Father.

Missioner, to old sinner: Now, Juan, how many sacraments are there?

Old sinner: Three, Father.

Missioner: And what are they?

Old Sinner: The banns, holy matrimony, and baptism.

A few months ago we printed in place of the regular story an article headed *At a Young Missioner's First Mass in the Tyrol*. By a coincidence we received from this priest about the same time a letter and the photograph that appears on this page. Fr. Hinterhuber, now stationed in the Philippines, is under the spiritual jurisdiction of Maryknoll's friend, Bishop Foley, who has left *Toogay-garah-o* for *Jar-o*.

The last paragraph of Fr. Hinterhuber's letter will need no explanation. He writes:

My three teachers are to be seen in this picture. One of them gets only a dollar a month. I can't afford more. I really need a teacher and a school-house in every one of my ten villages, but the war makes everything impossible. My dwelling is a native hut, in a miserable condition. Yet never mind that! If we cannot teach all the children to serve the Infant Jesus, then there will be no more Catholic Philippine Islands.

Our readers may not know exactly what it means to move from Tuguegarao to Jaro, but they will be glad to hear what Bishop Foley says of his recent change, already announced in several papers:

Long before you get this letter, you may have heard the news that the Holy Father has transferred me from Tuguegarao to Jaro, Bishop Dougherty's old diocese. It's strange! This diocese of Tuguegarao was originally part of the first diocese to which Bishop Dougherty was appointed in the Philippines, and now that he has gone to Buffalo, I am succeeding him in Jaro, his second charge.

I am really sorry to leave Tuguegarao after getting everything in pretty good working order, and I have lived long enough here to know that the bigger the diocese, the bigger the bur-

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Ossining New York

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SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.**

den and the trouble. But I am counting on the continued prayers of all my friends in the States and also on their occasional financial assistance, because I shall need money down there just as much as up here—if not more. The directory says that there are some thirty vacant parishes in the diocese of Jaro!

Padre Killion is, of course, delighted to make the change. He will be in his element, for Jaro is much more of a city than Tuguegarao. "Why," he said to me, "just think of it, Bishop! You will see a railroad there! And electric lights!" It's the call of Brookline for him.



FR. HINTERHUBER AND HIS BROWN BABIES.

I F Y O U L I K E U S

CHINA.

Fr. Fraser has been visiting the various mission stations in his district and incidentally recording some interesting experiences. He writes that on one occasion he was much surprised, when he turned round before Mass to give an instruction, to see the people sitting with their backs towards him. It developed that real seats were an unknown luxury here and that the congregation had found accommodation on the kneeling-benches, which could not easily be turned to face the speaker.

A letter from China dated last August said that it looked like 'the end of the world' in the South of that vast country. Anarchy seemed then to be reigning and revolutions were the order of the day. Recent news is more quieting.

The latest report comes from a missionary who writes:

The political situation in the Kwangtung Province is a little better. We have hope that the Southern Chinese will not lose their heads altogether. They had no reason to fight and if they did so, it was for purely personal interests and ambition. They were greatly helped by Japanese agitators.

Robbery is still prevalent everywhere. The Chinese plunder all that they can lay their hands on. I have just lost a cargo of building-material. The boatman was killed and the junk with its contents was sold by the pirates. I am not without hope that I may recover something from the Chinese Government.

Bring up your children and you will know what you owe to your own parents.—Chinese Proverb.

Christmas Eve in East Mongolia! As we read Fr. Cools' description of it, we are reminded of that first Christmas night, when shepherds came down from the hills to adore the lowly Babe of Bethlehem:

Long before the dawn has lighted up the crests of the mountains, small groups of men and women, preceded by paper lanterns, descend to the village where I am to celebrate my three Masses. There is no Crib, but the

shabby room which serves as a chapel, is not unlike a stable. And the shepherds are there! They are my poor Christians, clothed in clumsy goat-skins but bearing in their breasts hearts that beat warmly for Jesus, Who is coming to all of them, without a single exception, in Holy Communion.

It is a bitter night, the thermometer registering twenty-four degrees below zero, but many of the faithful worshippers kneel outside under the starry sky, for the chapel is much too small for the ever-increasing number of converts. Even the old men from the hospital, miserable wrecks of paganism whom I have picked up by the roadsides, cannot find a place within. They are grieved, too, because they wish to be near to Jesus, Whom they have begun to love so late!

Before the Boxer persecution in 1900 this village had a pretty chapel, of which the Christians were justly proud. The Bishop, to be sure, had furnished the materials for the building, but had they not given to it their labor and their strength? Then came the Boxers, who hunted down the Christians, confiscated their property, burned their houses, and razed the little church to the ground! The storm passed and the people rebuilt their poor huts, but they have never been able to erect a chapel.

These timely items from Fr. Kennelly, S.J., of Shanghai, will be welcomed by our readers:

A New Bilingual Daily in Peking.

A new daily in English and Chinese, called the *Oriental News*, has been started in Peking. This shows that the knowledge of English is growing apace in China and would grow still more rapidly if English-speaking Catholic missionaries were better represented throughout the length and breadth of the country.

Political Parties in Peking.

The formation of political parties is now in full swing in the distracted capital of China. The principal opposing forces in Parliament are the *Kuomintang* and the *Tsinputang*. The number of Independents is, however, as large as in previous times. Of the last class many are contemplating the organization of a third party, which, if successful, will become the leading factor in the two Houses.

The New President.

Li Yuan Hung, the new President, is standing up for honest and orderly government, but the army and a multitudinous bureaucracy consider the country as mites regard a fine cheese—something on which to batten. A cer-

RAPHAEL'S MADONNA GONZAGA

A Discovery in Boston



Monograph on the Painting by John Glodt

Opinions of different authors about the *Madonna Gonzaga*. Proofs of authenticity of the Boston painting. Its history from the day it was ordered by Isabella d'Este to our own time. Documentary evidence of its wanderings. Character of the persons to whom it successively belonged. Its arrival in the United States and final recovery in Boston.

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tain political party and the members of Parliament want all this cheese for themselves. The President objects and so a vigorous conflict is going on.

Nobody can ever say how things will end in China. Positions are not yet fully defined and this is the cause of all the present difficulties. The establishment of constitutional government must take time and perfection cannot be expected before many troublous experiments.

Worship of Confucius.

Recently the Civil Governor of Chekiang Province telegraphed to Peking on the advisability of dispensing with the process of kneeling and knocking the head on the ground when Confucius is being worshipped. The Minister of the Interior approved of the suggestion, but Kang Yu-wei, a rabid Confucianist, sent a strong protest against the abolition of this time-honored custom. We have not yet received the Government's answer to the much-debated question.

W I L L Y O U T E L L Y O U R F R I E N D S ?

AFRICA.

"It is not that I am asking for these things myself," modestly writes Fr. Röttgering, "but it might be well for your future missionaries to know what conditions they are likely to meet." And he thus sums up his varied needs:

I want a house, a bed, a table, a chair, bread, butter, less flies, no mosquitoes, no high grass, food for workmen, free labor, trees for building, no Protestants at my heels, much money, and—last but not least—God's special help. I can do without all the first-mentioned, but the last I cling to more than ever.

My hut has two doorways, against which I may smash my hat, but no doors. Some holes, always open to fresh air and vermin, take the place of windows. Flies and lizards are my companions by day and at night I entertain the indispensable mouse. I am trying—with no money and no trees—to get a roof on the hut, but as long as the storms do not send in their showers of dust upon me, I feel all right.

Here is a whole-souled missionary, Fr. Kerkhaff, who is actually surprised that we do not get all we ask for. He writes:

It is a wonder to me that you are still in troubles. I should think anybody reading THE FIELD AFAR could not resist the temptation to thrust his hand deep into his pocket and give you whatever you want. Every need is put so nicely and pleasantly before us, with no bothering or worrying at all. It's just like a quinine pill with a thick sugar coating—down your throat before you are aware of it, without leaving any bad after-taste. May the number of your subscribers increase, for as they increase, your troubles will decrease!

Out here we are limiting our necessities more and more. We now have only one candle for Mass and no ablutions. The price of provisions is getting higher and higher. But the spiritual condition is making up for the temporal. Last month we had 8,000 Communions, against 4,000 the year before. So there is no reason to complain.

To Father Rog(ue)an.

Your lines are baited
With wit that's rated
To catch an Irishman;
May your gold-fishing
Be all you're wishing
And fill the globe you plan.
—Mary Allegra Gallagher.

12 Inches of Real Genius.

BY FR. P. ROGAN.

(With more apologies to Fr. Gavan Duffy.)

Air: "I've seen the latest style, Mary."

My home is right on the equator,
And I claim that an African sun
Is a vertical heat ray-diator
And a fiery furnace in one.

This Prodigal Sun—free and easy—
Squanders the death-dealing beams
Of his substance, his heat, in degrees;
he
Keeps no account—so it seems.

If he does, *we*, at least, get a sample
Of the reddest-hot heat ever made;
My barometer reads, for example,
Nine hundred or so in the shade.

The climate? I've just had to leave a
Rather unhealthy hole;
But it's better to *sometimes* have fever
Than be permanently "up the pole."

And we "carry a line" of diseases
Some known, others more or less
vague,
From measles and hay-fever sneezes
To dysentery, small-pox, and plague.

If you get over these, there's a final
Ravaging, ruthless and rough,
Meningitis cerebro-spinal—
Why, even the name is enough!

In spite of the climate and heat,
though,
I *think* we could manage all right,
If the buzzing, blood-sucking mosquito
Had not such a poisonous bite.

But crowns are won only by crosses,
God's measure for merit is pain;
Poor health—a short life—are *these*
losses,
When spent for a heathen tribe's
gain?

We think of their souls, poor wretches,
Which others seldom do;
The vicariate itself? Well, it stretches
From Dublin to Timbuctoo.

But *our* work! One of honor and
glory—
Let him deny it who can—
Explaining the Gospel-story
To savage, uncivilized man.

Working for God's greater glory,
In Africa, China, Japan,
We will die, still explaining the story
How God came to earth to save man.

To God be a kingdom of glory!
Extend it by prayer, you who can,
For millions must still hear the story
Of God suffering, dying, for man.

Earlier readers of this paper will remember that when the Seminary at Maryknoll was opened, Fr. Henry, Superior-General of Mill Hill, England, sent over one of his young priests, Rev. John McCabe, to render us what service he could. Fr. McCabe stayed two years, leaving an impress on many a piece of board as well as on the heart of Maryknoll. He returned to England in 1914 and was occupied at Mill Hill as procurator until Bishop Biermans went back to Uganda, when he took along with him our ruddy friend. Fr. McCabe now writes:

Well, I am in full work at last, though I still have my struggles with the language, which is much more difficult than *American*. The people are not very intelligent, but they have good-will and show a desire to learn and to be baptized.

Thank God, I have kept exceedingly well so far, and I don't look very different from my latest photo in THE FIELD AFAR. Where *did* you get it? I never dreamt you would dig up such a fright.

I met Fr. Peter Rogan out here, and though he was just getting over the attack of blackwater fever which almost deprived this mission of his presence and good work, he was still faintly poetical and fairly cheerful. He had a long talk with me about Maryknoll, as he was very anxious to get what might be called first-hand particulars of the Editor who took a fancy to his poetry. I am sure he will supply you with copy from time to time.

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WE NEED YOUR FRIENDS ON OUR LIST,

The Child that Leads.

By a Teresian.



For any one had told Fr. Frederick, as he stretched his weary limbs to rest after a day of toil and trial, that the morrow was to bring forth what it did, he would have smiled skeptically. Fifteen years of unceasing labor in a remote corner of Kwang-tung—years filled with experiences of every kind—had led him to believe that he had run the whole category of unusual happenings, and he could sleep now with the feeling that he was prepared to meet whatever might come with each day.

So on this night Fr. Frederick rested well and in the freshness of the early morning he rose to spend before Mass an all too brief half-hour in close communion with his Lord. It was the one period of the day that seemed his own, and as he walked briskly from his little house to the church near by, he felt God everywhere about him in the beauty and sweetness of May.

The church, dedicated to Our Saviour, was simple and small, but dear to the zealous priest's heart, for it held his All. Over its entrance, in rough letters, were the words: *Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes* (*Praise the Lord, all ye nations*). It was to help make this command obeyed that he had left home and country to sow and reap in a pagan land.

Hardly had the missionary knelt on his prie-dieu, the work of his own hands, when he noticed a small package lying on the altar-step.

"Some little offering from one of my flock," he said to himself.

Such things had occurred before, and smiling joyfully at the faith which had prompted the act, he went on with his meditation until he heard the Chinese gong announce the hour for Mass.

Fr. Frederick picked up the

package and opened it, that he might make a memento in the Holy Sacrifice if an intention was requested. He found a box enclosing a folded paper, which read, "Jesus, Christian God, give me back my son." Underneath this paper was a jewel.

Surprised as the priest was, he could not stop to examine the treasure further till his Mass and thanksgiving were over. Then he saw that the note was well written and the gem an exquisitely cut stone, green like the depths of the sea. Its value he was almost afraid to guess.

But where had it come from? Evidently from some rich pagan whose son had become a Christian. But Fr. Frederick was perplexed,

for he knew the lives of his people intimately and was conscious that not one of them had a history which tallied with these circumstances. It was a mystery.

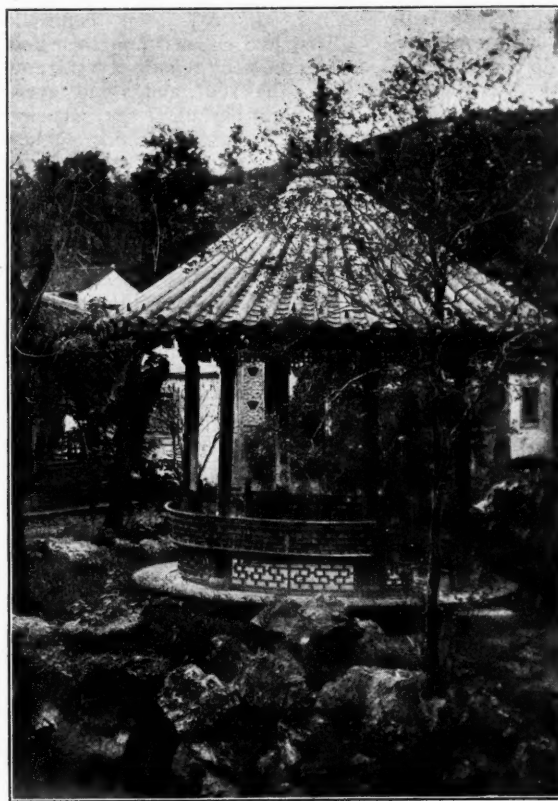
The good missionary made inquiries on all sides, even of the mandarin, but in vain. Then he put the treasure by and offered daily a prayer for the perseverance of the son and the conversion of the father, whoever and wherever they might be.

July and October brought, in the same mysterious way, two other jewels, even more beautiful than the first. Fr. Frederick was still further bewildered.

On the other side of the city, quite removed from the poverty

which characterized Fr. Frederick's district, lived Mr. Yong-Fu. The finely wrought gate opening into a lovely garden, and the richly carved decorations of the great house indicated his wealth and suggested the sumptuousness of the interior. But in spite of the brilliantly colored hangings and rugs and the costly furnishings, the chill of the late November day seemed to pervade the whole dwelling.

In one of the rooms sat Mr. Yong-Fu, a fine type of Chinaman, tall, well built, intelligent and kind. In his arms he held his one



"The finely wrought gate opening into a lovely garden indicated his wealth."

BUT ALONE WE CANNOT GET THEM THERE.

great treasure, Tower-of-Strength, his only child. And how ill suited the name was! The poor little fellow was dwarfed; only the pinched, precocious face and the long arms betrayed his eleven years, for the lower limbs were shrunken and useless.

The father's face was inexpressibly sad and tender as he looked at the helpless burden—the hope of his house—and said, "Well, how is my little son to-day? Are you not soon going to be Father's real Tower-of-Strength?"

The child smiled and nestled closer in the strong arms. "You are big enough for both of us. Nurse says I shall always be a broken pillar."

The man's face clouded. "Nurse must not talk that way. You can get strong if you will. Think well before you answer me this time. Whom do you love best in all the world?"

There was a pause, and then the childish voice fearlessly replied, "Jesus, and after Him, you."

"Oh, little son of mine," pleaded the great man, "why will you persist in loving Him! Don't you know that it is He Who has taken the strength from your limbs and will not let you grow and walk like other boys? Stop loving Him and you will grow big like me. Then we will go all around the country and you may see everything I have told you about and everything your books show. And some day this whole house and all my treasures will be yours, and Tower-of-Strength will be needed to keep it safe from enemies. Say that you do not love Him! Already Li-hi has placed on His altar the three priceless gems your mother loved best, and still He will not let you go. He is a greedy God."

The child put his delicate fingers over the angry lips. "Please stop, Father. I am very tired. I *must* love Him."

The scene always ended thus. The distracted parent laid his

precious burden on the couch, summoned the nurse, and went out, in his heart cursing earlier days of poverty that had brought this evil on him.

Mr. Yong-Fu had inherited from his father a massive fortune. He had lost it, however, in a great political upheaval, shortly after his marriage with the beautiful Priceless Pearl, whom he loved with all the passion of his heart. The coming of the little one had cost the mother's life and frantic with grief, Mr. Yong-Fu left him for eight years, while the strife lasted, in the care of the Sisters who conducted an orphanage and of whose skill and kindness he had heard.

The child was always sickly and once when death seemed inevitable, he had been baptized. Christ had claimed him then and while the body remained weak and frail, the soul and mind grew sweet and big under the influence of the Sisters and the same unswerving love and faith which kept the father loyal to the memory of the dead mother, brought the heart of the son to God.

While Mr. Yong-Fu hated the Object of the boy's devotion, he secretly loved the unwavering fidelity which his son, so weak physically, maintained towards a despised deity. The child had frequently told him about Jesus and it was all harmless enough, even beautiful in part. The father would have looked into the matter more deeply himself, had not the Buddhist priests persuaded him that Tower-of-Strength was bewitched by Jesus and that if once the spell could be broken, the boy would grow.

This idea had become an obsession and to-day he had felt that he must have his son strong and well. His friends, every one of them, had at least one sturdy son to carry on the family name. Truly his heart was bitter.

That God will not be outdone in generosity is proved in the daily

life of every Christian, and at last the hour of grace, with its hundredfold blessing, came for the faithful child and for Fr. Frederick, the untiring priest whose prayers had daily mounted to the throne of mercy.

Mr. Yong-Fu had made a great resolve, a noble one worthy of his son. There was a happiness within him which he had not experienced since the baby was born and the mother left him forever.

"Come, my son!" he said, as he lifted up his boy. "We are going away for a little while, just you and I." And almost before the child knew what was happening, he was being carried along in a *rickshaw* that had been waiting outside the house.

Across the city they went, through the brightly lighted section and into the evening shadows of the poor quarters, till they stopped before the Church of Our Saviour. It was deserted, and only the sanctuary light and the little lamp before the Christmas Crib pierced the darkness.

Mr. Yong-Fu walked straight to the Crib, which was the one shrine he saw, and placed his precious burden beside it. Little Tower, frightened and bewildered by the strange happenings, clung to his father at first, but realizing suddenly that he was at the Christmas Crib, he felt happy and at home.

The supreme moment had come. The big man loosed his son's hold from his fingers and offered him solemnly and simply to the Christ Child.

"He is Yours at last, Master. I give him up. He is my joy. May he be Your Tower-of-Strength, since he loves You best! Make him a man, for I love him better than myself."

And then out of the darkness appeared Fr. Frederick, who from the sacristy, which he was about to leave as the strangers entered, had watched the whole proceeding. Formalities were soon over. The boy, safe in the shelter of his father's strong arms, was carried

to the priest's house, where the tired parent's overstrained heart found relief in telling the story of his long struggle and surrender.

Fr. Frederick brought out the jewels and insisted that Mr. Yong-Fu should take them back. The jewel he had given to the Christ Child that night in the person of his son, was more prized than kingdoms in God's sight.

This was the pagan's first lesson in the value of a soul. He grew to know it well, however, in the course of the year, when he saw God healing his son and pouring into his own heart graces that made it possible for him to receive on the following Christmas Day the Body and Blood of the Saviour.

* *

Chris'mas Then an' Noo.

Ma Furst Chris'mas.

The wee wain's stockin' must be hung,
It's Chris'mas E'en.
He's foor months auld—that's no too young,

Dear wifie Jean.
Since Chris'mas last, oor ain behest
The Laird has heard, for He has blest
Us wi' the bairnie at yer breast
For Chris'mas E'en.

Ma Aighth.
Dear Santa Claus! Hoo did ye ken
(On Chris'mas morn)
I wish't for rubber boots, size 'ten'?
I'm shair forlorn!
I never tell't ye 'boot the size,
Yet 'neath the Chris'mas tree there lies

Jist what I wanted—sic a prize
For Chris'mas morn!

Ma Aighteenth.
Ma sisters an' ma brithers a',
An' Mither, too,
Are gethered roun' the hearthstane braw,

It's Chris'mas noo.
Mid holly green, the Laird oor guide,
We talk o' school an' plans decide,
While a' wi' bonds o' love are tied,
Fond love and true.

Nineteen Sixteen.
It's Chris'mas—an' I'm far frae hame,
At Maryknoll.

Ma Yuletide joy is no the same—
It's o' the soul.
The midnight Mass! The sweet bells' mirth

Fu' glad announce tae a' the earth
The guid news o' oor Saviour's birth,
Frae Maryknoll.

—BRITHER SANDY.

Christmas Ordinations.



WE have a cozy chapel at Maryknoll. Everything is in it and yet it has not much, as the world judges. The Master of Creation has set up His tabernacle there and this should be enough, but we like to offer what we can to those we love and so our little chapel is not without its beauties.

Two altars, used daily, are quite delightful in their simplicity, and against the dark paneling of the cypress walls are four statues, all stained in old ivory. Any one of them would probably make the average Barclay St. merchant smile with pity, yet we are content. Our Blessed Mother stands supporting the Divine Boy, Who rests His little feet on a globe and holds out His hands in blessing over the earth. St. Joseph has put aside the conventional lily and carries a carpenter's square. St. Paul, keenly intelligent, is in an attitude of reflection and St. Francis Xavier, girded for the fray, is the embodiment of zeal.

To this Holy of Holies the men of Maryknoll come often during the day that they may warm their hearts at the tabernacle flame. When we return from an absence, after worshipping in some large church, our chapel always appears like a small shrine, and yet for our present needs it is usually quite ample.

Now ordinarily the Teresians, our faithful women-helpers, are satisfied to stay in their *own* chapel, but when an ordination is due at Maryknoll, oh! that is a different thing. Each ordinand is one of their own. They have been praying for him, toiling for him, and helping, through their work on THE FIELD AFAR or elsewhere, to secure support for him. Sitting around the recreation table in the evening, they have mended his torn cassock and darned holes that

would defy his own awkward needle.

So it looked like a disappointment for the Teresians when on December 2nd sons of Maryknoll to the number of nine received one or more orders—from holy tonsure to the sacred priesthood. But how could it be helped? Company came and had to be seated. There were only four places left for nineteen Teresians. Those four places could have been comfortably filled by two Teresians, or three at most, but the more expansive folded themselves up and—well, the Teresians are a cheerful lot and they seem to be able to overcome disappointment. At all events, they saw the ordination and were happy.

It was the fifth ordination at Maryknoll and a record-breaker for numbers, as this list, small though it may look to strangers, will prove to our friends:

Ordained Priest—Bernard Francis Meyer, of Stuart, Iowa
Ordained Subdeacons—Francis Xavier Ford, William Francis O'Shea, Alphonse Stephen Vogel
Received Minor Orders—John James Massoth, George Francis Wiseman, Anthony Peter Hodgins
Received Tonsure—John J. Massoth, George F. Wiseman, Joseph A. Hunt, Raymond Aloysius Lane

Our latest ordination means more help for Maryknoll—more Masses offered, more offices read, new sacrifices made by young men who have pledged their pure young souls to the service of the Master. We have reason, then, to anticipate a stronger and more certain development in our great and pressing work.

Maryknoll was privileged to have, for this ordination, as for the one preceding it, the services of Bishop Dowling, of Des Moines, Iowa. One of his own men, the Rev. Bernard Francis Meyer, was raised to the priesthood, and as we watched the ceremony, we asked ourselves which of the two had made the greater sacrifice, the bishop whose diocese could, from

a human point of view, ill afford to lose such a subject—native-born, vigorous, and ready for hard work—or the young priest himself. Surely God knows and He will accept the generous offerings of both, but we cannot help believing that the diocese of Des Moines will experience an increase of spiritual blessings and of native vocations in return for this cheerfully made sacrifice of—shall we whisper a secret?—*Brother Henry*.

Our new subdeacons were among the six pioneer students of Maryknoll. All but one of that little band have persevered and two of the number are already priests.

On the feast of Our Lady's Presentation cassocks and cinctures were given to five students

and two auxiliaries. Our latest priest-recruit, Fr. Vincent Dever, of Philadelphia, was girded that day with the Maryknoll cincture.

Some who visit us are surprised to learn that along with the student body, and almost as a portion of it, there is in training a group of young men who will serve the Catholic Foreign Mission Society as auxiliary brothers. At present these young men are employed in a variety of works.

One is a printer—and a real one, if we must admit it behind his back. A second is a versatile youth, experienced in the newspaper offices of old New York. He has, in the interests of Maryknoll, given conferences where angels feared to tread, and he has picked pockets honestly, with a winning smile that made his victims really happy in their loss. When at home after a round of outside activities, he divides his time between the FIELD AFAR Office and the fields.

A third is our chauffeur. To him we consigned *Elizabeth*, the Ford truck which looks best in a tintype. He took her for better and for worse, but we have to stand for the repairs on both driver and machine. He—we are not mentioning names—is fair and under thirty. He is our courier.

The fourth in order of arrival was trained as the paying teller in a bank. At first we were inclined to insist that he return and come back to us as a receiving teller, but now we are glad to have kept him. Besides being useful wherever he is assigned, at the office or at manual labor with seminarian companions, this teller is a musician and is rapidly climbing to the important post of Seminary organist.

There are two more, one all the way from *Missourah*, the other from Havana, or, as he sometimes calls it, *Have-a-banana*.

The spiritual training of these six auxiliaries runs along, to some extent, with that of the sem-

inarians. The auxiliaries, however, have their own spiritual director, who spares neither them nor himself and whom they have learned to look upon as the right kind of big brother.

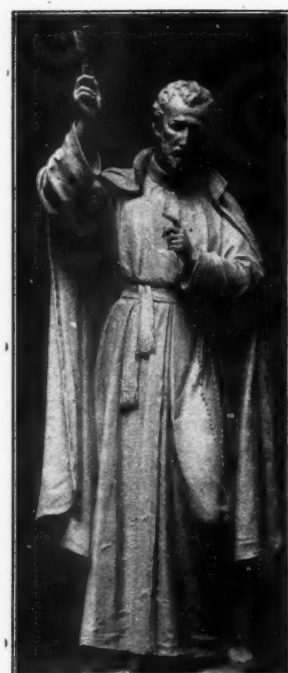
The life of a Maryknoll auxiliary ought to be, and is, in many respects ideal. It will appeal to young men who are unable or prefer not to take upon themselves the responsibilities of the priesthood and who yet desire to labor in the service of God. Later our auxiliaries will be sent to the missions as companions to the priests of Maryknoll.

The requirements for admission to the auxiliary brotherhood are:

- (a) Recommendation from a priest;
- (b) Good health;
- (c) A sincere purpose to co-operate in the conversion of the heathen and to serve the Foreign Mission Society loyally;



SAINT PAUL.
(From a statue in the chapel at Maryknoll.)



SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER.
(From a statue in the chapel at Maryknoll.)

(d) Indifference to the kind of labor assigned by the Superior.

Once formally received into full membership, auxiliaries will be assured of continued support, in illness or in health, as long as they remain faithful. They have free disposition of goods belonging to them by legal right.

Visitors dropped off with the falling leaves, but we find some interesting names in the guest-book. Among these that of Mother Mary Paul stands out appealingly. She was one of THE FIELD AFAR'S earliest—we don't say *oldest*—friends. That was in the days when THE FIELD AFAR browsed on Boston Common and Mother Mary Paul was making spotted calico dresses for Uganda pickaninnies out in Africa. Lately, for several years, she has been on duty in Baltimore, but the call came again from the wild and though no longer a 'demure young nun,' she set out, like a valiant woman, to answer it.

The day after her visit to Maryknoll Mother Paul left for England, and now, if no miserable accident has occurred, she is on a *round-the-cape* voyage to Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa. Mother Paul had with her at the Knoll Mother Mary Mechtilde, of Baltimore, and a young Sister who was destined for England and later for the African missions.

Many of our friends will be interested to see the Maryknoll roster:

SEMINARIANS.

Bernard Francis Meyer, Stuart, Iowa
John James Massoth, Piqua, Kans.
Francis Xavier Ford, Brooklyn, N. Y.
William Francis O'Shea, Jersey City, N. J.
Alphonse Stephen Vogel, N. Y. City
Thomas Henry Greene, Cincinnati, Ohio
Robert John Cairns, Worcester, Mass.
George Francis Wiseman, Arlington, Mass.
Anthony Peter Hodgins, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joseph Anthony Hunt, Brookline, Mass.

Raymond Aloysius Lane, Lawrence, Mass.

Joseph Aloysius Sweeney, New Britain, Conn.

Donald Vincent Chisholm, Washington, D. C.

Arthur Joseph Cushman, Auburn, Me.
Joseph Sylvester Donovan, McKeesport, Pa.

John Henry Murray, Cambridge, Mass.

Joseph Courtney Stack, Washington, D. C.

Philip Anthony Taggart, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frederick Nelson Gregory, Pawtucket, R. I.

Martin Aloysius Walsh, Jersey City, N. J.

Henry Emil Dirckx, Jefferson City, Mo.

AUXILIARIES.

Frederick Evaristus Maguire, Newton, Mass.

Thomas Henry McCann, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Francis Joseph Connelly, Jersey City, N. J.

Edward John McCarthy, Boston, Mass.

Leo Peter Reyland, St. Louis, Mo.

Horace Molinor, Havana, Cuba

The string of names is not overwhelmingly long but the life of Maryknoll, it will be remembered, is only at its beginning and the Lord is sending us just about as many candidates as we can accommodate.

* *

Our Vénard Letter.

We had been luxuriating in light and heat for some time and hardly thought there was anything else to wish for, but the other day a big thing happened—the installation of a new pump, the pump that means water for The Vénard. Yet it did not so much *happen*, after all, for it was brought about by the energy of a good friend in Scranton, who, like all such friends, shall be anonymous.

We enjoyed the purr of the big thing as it started at its work. It seemed so capable, so confident of fulfilling its mission, so much like a big brother who would pat us on the back and say, "Now just don't bother about the water proposition. Suppose you leave all that to me." And we are doing so.

Hallowe'en did not get by without some little observance. It was amateur night at The Vénard—our first offense. The much-loved pastor of the Summit and some of his flock, all friends of ours, lived through it,

and the boys were delighted at the chance to hear their own voices without hiring a hall.

All Saints' Day was beautiful here and it chronicled a visit from the *Vénard Centre Circle* of Scranton. The members came out in a farm wagon to hold a meeting at the school. There was little parliamentary law but much *get-together* spirit at this assembly, and the occasion was a happy one for all. The only fly in the ointment was that after a picture had been taken, preluded by much posing, it turned out that there was no film in the camera, nor in the whole house, for that matter, though this is a secret.

We wish we had time to do something else besides thank friends for the gifts that they "shower" on us. It is a pleasant occupation, however, and a heart-warming revelation of God's goodness and that of His people.

We have no cross. Take it any way you wish, it remains true. We were referring to a real cross which would put the seal of Christ on the house—something we ought not to do without for long. But if you are thinking of the other kind, even that is hard to find here. As we are aspiring to a spiritual life, we really need a cross—or two crosses.

Among the latest arrivals at The Vénard we have registered a youth named Kennelly, from Norwalk, Conn. Now this is not anything remarkable, unless we realize that the new-comer has the distinction of being our first from Norwalk. But what is worthy of special note is that the boy comes from missionary stock, being a nephew of Fr. Kennelly, the well-known Jesuit in Shanghai. May uncle and nephew meet one of these days in the Orient!

THE SHEPHERD OF MY SOUL
By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P., Professor of Theology at the Foreign Mission Seminary, Maryknoll. Price \$1.00.

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F I F T Y T H O U S A N D S U B S C R I B E R S .

"Your Next!"



Mr. Hog, they tell us, has come to his own in the new scale of food values, and his relatives at Maryknoll are enjoying to the full their social advancement. Several are just now waiting to hear the word: "Next!"

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama		2
Arizona		2
California	\$35.37	4
Connecticut	51.35	22
Delaware		1
District of Columbia	3.52	5
Florida		4
Georgia	5.00	
Illinois	1.18	11
Indiana	7.00	2
Iowa	6.00	2
Kansas		1
Kentucky	1.00	1
Louisiana		1
Maine	6.00	3
Maryland	4.50	14
Massachusetts	860.39	221
Michigan	8.49	9
Minnesota	1.50	
Missouri		5
Nebraska	7.35	1
New Hampshire	17.50	5
New Jersey	18.00	18
New York	314.07	131
North Carolina		1
Ohio	9.82	40
Oklahoma		13
Oregon	5.00	2
Pennsylvania	152.79	59
Rhode Island	41.52	19
South Carolina		1
South Dakota	1.44	
Tennessee		2
Texas	2.00	3
Vermont		1
Virginia	6.56	
West Virginia		3
Wisconsin	2.25	5

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Australia		2
Canada	\$3.00	3
Holland		1
Italy		1
Newfoundland		6
Philippine Islands	250.00	

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Ordinary	297
Associate	330
Total	627

After January 1, 1917, all yearly subscriptions will be one dollar.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: Rev. P. G.; Rev. J. K.; Rev. T. McC.; K. B.; E. F.; M. M.; A. McC.; L. McC.; T. McC.

Dead: Deceased Relatives of S. J. H.; John McCormick; Eunice McCormick; Mary F. Nolan; Mrs. Mary J. Quinlan.

Some New York priests have been very good to us lately and we have enrolled several on our list of *Perpetual Associate Members*.

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft. Sold up to Dec. 1, 1916, 2,533,239 " For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,916,761 " **SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.**

VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Venard, 6,000,000 ft. Sold up to Dec. 1, 1916, 758,780 " For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 5,241,220 " **SEND FOR A VENARD CARD.**

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Chalice from Rev. Friend, Mass; book from Rev. Friend, Md.; 3 cassocks from St. Charles' Church, R. I.; vestment from St. Joseph's Convent, Mass.; missal from Srs. of Charity, N. Y.; chalice from Sacred Heart Convent, Pa.; Benediction veil from Mrs. M. L., Pa.; red and white vestments from Providence, R. I.; breviaries from J. T., R. I.; jewelry from Mrs. M. K., Mass.; underwear from M. B., Del.; opera-glasses and miscellaneous articles from Mrs. H. S., Mass.; bundle of silk pieces from Friend; laundry supplies from J. C.; cancelled stamps and tinfoil from E. D., R. I.; cancelled stamps from Conn., La., N. C., N. Y., Ohio, R. I.

RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

From Scranton Friends: altar-cloth, preserves, counterpane, towels, books, desk, clothing, blankets, napkins, bookcase, bull. From W. L., Mass., trombone and xylophone.

WE ask you to say a prayer for the souls of:

Most Rev. H. Jürgens	Mrs. Mary Lyons
Rev. Fr. Constant	Hugh McGowan
Rev. Thos. F. Myhan	Mrs. Mary Mullen
John Carey	Margaret O'Dowd
John Glenn	James P. Quinn
Jeremiah Hurley	Mary T. Stanfield
Mrs. Mary Kelly	Elizabeth O'Sullivan

When we 'have a grouch on' in the early morning, it is good to receive such a remedy as this, which comes unsolicited from an unknown priest:

Too late have I known THE FIELD AFAR and too late learned to love it. I had heard a seminarian of St. Augustine's, Toronto, speak of it about three years ago, but only last month did I meet it face to face. I am glad to be a subscriber at least and I hope to be a helper in time. The goodwill is not lacking.

I have been wondering how many others there may be who, like myself, have been strangers to the paper. I refer particularly to priests in this ecclesiastical province.

Now I beg to make a suggestion, the value or worthlessness of which I shall leave you to determine. Would it not be well to have THE FIELD AFAR in the hands of each priest in Newfoundland? Knowledge of its scope and its work must be imparted before any practical help can come, and it tells its own story best. If the pastors were once interested in your noble work, I am sure assistance would be forthcoming from the various parishes. What I wish to propose, then, is that you consult the Catholic Directory and mail THE FIELD AFAR to each priest for one, two, or three months (at your discretion). I will pay the expenses. (No flash-lights for the suggester, please.)

I may possibly go into 'real estate' at Maryknoll yet. Kindly send me twenty land-slips for use in our schools. I also want to adopt a few of John Mite's children—let it be a half-dozen.

We acted on our friend's suggestion and our next move will be to follow it up.

The late Fr. Myhan, pastor of the Blessed Sacrament Church, New York City, was one of several priests in the great metropolis whose hearts warmed to Maryknoll from the beginning. Fr. Myhan came to see us once, in company with two of his assistants, and we knew then that he was a real friend. He left us on that occasion a souvenir for our martyrs' shrine, but we did not dream that he had placed us in his will, to share in the few thousand dollars—the yield of an insurance policy—of which it disposed.

Recently we received this notice:
I give and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, now situated at Maryknoll, New York, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500) and the chalice of the late Archbishop Corrigan.

Five hundred dollars will be welcome, but not less welcome will be the chalice left by Archbishop Corrigan to his much-loved secretary. This will hereafter be one of the treasures of Maryknoll—a souvenir of a saintly prelate and of a priestly secretary.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

(A bursar or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.)

COMPLETED BURSSES.

Cardinal Farley Bursar	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Bursar	5,000.
John L. Boland Bursar	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Bursar	5,000.
*St. Willibrord Bursar	5,000.
Providence Diocese Bursar	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Bursar	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Bursar	5,000.
O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Bursar	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSSES.

Abb. John J. Williams Bursar	\$5,276.21
Bishop Doran Memorial Bursar	3,531.00
Cheverus Centennial School Bursar	*3,177.12
St. Joseph Bursar	2,299.15
All Souls Bursar	2,109.04
St. Teresa Bursar	12,042.50
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Bursar	11,986.37
Little Flower Bursar (Vénard)	1,896.64
St. Patrick Bursar	1,465.45
Holy Ghost Bursar	1,245.54
Bl. Th. Vénard Bursar (Vénard)	1,172.00
Holy Child Jesus Bursar	1,129.04
Father B. Bursar	*1,056.00
Pius X. Bursar	1,006.00
Precious Blood Bursar	870.00
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Bursar	781.76
St. Anthony Bursar	732.10
Fr. Chapon Memorial Bursar	666.87
St. Dominic Bursar	556.10
St. Columba Bursar	463.50
St. Stephen Bursar	346.00
St. Francis of Assisi Bursar	317.35
Susan Emery Memorial Bursar	302.20
Curé of Ars Bursar	287.75
St. Lawrence Bursar	221.75
St. Francis Xavier Bursar	217.51
St. John the Baptist Bursar	177.00
St. Boniface Bursar	147.00
O. L. of Mercy Bursar	141.54
St. Agnes Bursar	112.00
St. Rita Bursar	110.25
C. Bursar	100.00
All Saints Bursar	85.95
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursar	81.50

*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

O. L. of Victory Bursar	\$65.00
Joan of Arc Bursar	61.00
O. L. of Perpetual Help Bursar	37.00
Gemma Galgani Bursar	30.00
Holy Name Bursar	28.00
Immaculate Conception Bursar	17.00
St. Peter Bursar	15.92
St. Paul Bursar	11.00
St. Aloysius Bursar	8.25
Bread Fund	178.22

Any bursar or share in a bursar may be donated in memory of the deceased.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abb. Williams Catechist Fund	*\$6,000.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	3,700.00
Vénard Student Fund	620.60
Bread Fund	152.02

The Fr. Chaminade Bursar received its latest addition from San Antonio, Texas.

The Fr. Chapon Bursar was increased by four notable additions recently. They were all from Boston priests and aggregated two hundred and fifty dollars.

We are edified, but not surprised, to note the special interest taken by Sisters of the Precious Blood—themselves poor—in the bursar devoted to the honor of the Precious Blood.

If you are inclined to find a new subscriber for us, why not think of a friend in some distant city or town? We like to spread.

Brother Foto of this place writes to you:

That old camera which you use so seldom, can be put to work at Maryknoll. Whether it is out-of-style or up-to-the-minute, box or folding, plate or film, Yeastman or Breadman, makes no difference. If it has a lens and can 'take pitchers,' send it along; you may see its results in next month's FIELD AFAR.

If you are a business man, perhaps you realize how necessary in such a work as ours is a multi-graph. We have been running along on a lame one for several years and the time seems to have come for a change. The change, however, will figure out a few hundred dollars and we have abandoned the proposition as beyond our reach unless some one will give us a boost.

While we write of a multi-graph, we take the occasion to thank a priest-friend for the gift of a valuable mimeograph. The latter machine began clicking shortly after its arrival and is still at it.

A Record Book for twelve subscriptions will be mailed to you at your request.

ON THE CHRISTMAS SALE TABLE AT MARYKNOLL.

A. A Subscription (Ordinary) to THE FIELD AFAR	\$ 50
B. An Associate Subscription to THE FIELD AFAR	1.00
C. A Modern Martyr	.60
D. An American Missionary	.60
E. The Life of Just de Bretenières	.60
F. Stories from The Field Afar	.60
G. Field Afar Tales	.60
H. Thoughts from Modern Martyrs	.35
I. Théophane Vénard (French)	.60
J. Pierre Chanel (French)	.60
K. The Chi Rho Pin	.25
L. Sealing Stamps (per dozen)	.10
M. Prayer Prints (per hundred)	.25
N. Maryknoll Pamphlet	.05
O. Post Cards (per dozen)	.10
P. Statuette of Blessed Théophane Vénard	3.00
Q. A Maryknoll Mite Box	Free

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER.

1. A. C. D. E. F. G. K. Q.	\$3.00
2. B. C. F. G. K. Q.	2.50
3. C. D. E. F. K. Q.	2.00
4. B. D. O. K. Q.	1.50
5. F. G. M. K. Q.	1.00
6. A. C. F. G. P. K. Q.	5.00

Our address: The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y.

H A S N O P A I D A G E N T S .

The Circles.



THE Catholic Women's Foreign Mission Auxiliary of New York, which is becoming known as the Maryknoll Auxiliary, has already had three of its ten

meetings for the season of 1916-17. All three meetings were held at the Sacred Heart Convent on Madison Ave. and each was characterized by an excellent attendance, thanks to the energy of the president, Mrs. Ada Mary Livingston, and the very efficient secretary, Mrs. Henry W. Taft. The superior of Maryknoll addressed the members at two of these meetings and the other was presided over by Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, also of Maryknoll.

This Auxiliary is our one New York circle—and a good one. It is especially interested in the personal needs of our aspirant apostles.

The *Field Afar Society*, of Olyphant, Pa., is busy perfecting plans for its second benefit, to be held January 10, 1917. It is the aim of these zealous workers to contribute \$250 annually towards the education of an aspirant apostle. Last year that amount was raised and as the first mile is the hardest, it is hoped to do even better this year. The society's strongest support comes from Olyphant Council K. of C., all of whose members are ardent champions of foreign missions. Its founder and secretary is Miss Henrietta Stone, and the well-known pastor of Olyphant, Rev. Patrick Murphy, LL.D., has given it his encouragement.

Activities are reported from *Vénard Circle No. 1* in Scranton, *Hartford, Conn., Circle No. 1*, *Cumberland, Md., Circles No. 1 and No. 4*, the *Virgin Mary Mission Circle* of New Bedford, Mass., the *St. Patrick Circle* of Westfield, Mass., and the *B. D.*

Circle. Other circles are gradually forming and the coming year will, we are certain, see a vigorous movement along this line of mission effort.

Maryknoll Seals are ready for your Christmas letters and will be sent to you at the rate of ten cents a dozen.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



To my Mother —
To my Father —
To my Family —
To my Friends —

Where in this list shall I insert my Gift to the Christ Child for His Missions?

No Turkey for Christmas.

This is a year of extreme poverty throughout the Catholic mission world. How many of our friends will serve something cheaper than turkey at the Christmas dinner and send the difference in price to the missions? Greater sacrifices are made for less worthy causes.

To carry out this suggestion would be one little way of showing that we really mean to relieve the missions. Why do we mention turkey instead of some less prized dish? Exactly because we desire to point the questions: "Do we love the souls of mankind better than we love our own pleasure? Are we willing to share the privation of the Christ Child when we hasten to share with Him the joy of His coming?"—*Maria Mission Circles.*

The yearly subscription to this paper, after January 1, 1917, will be one dollar and will include membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Our routers are doing nobly. Here is the list:

Mary Beirne, Francis Caffrey, Jack W. Childs, Dorothy Donahue, Elinor R. Hollis, Jeanette Metzger, Catherine Sheridan, Mary Smith, Francis X. Sullivan.

Aiding Apostles.

We urge upon our readers the great need of Communions and prayers, to be offered for our work, which is pioneer in its character and as such, liable to many trials demanding much help from God. We have set aside Friday of each week as a day of devotions to help us attain the several aims of our organization, to aid our benefactors, and to bring special graces upon our missionaries and their flocks.

We shall gladly welcome, as co-operators in this form of help, any of our readers, religious or lay. The nun in her cloister can thus be of great value to a sublime cause, which is hers because it is that of Christ, her Master.

It will be a distinct encouragement to many, and above all to the missionaries themselves, if a record can be kept of such co-operation. This will not require the publication of any names. All that is necessary is a simple notification, by post-card or otherwise, addressed to *The Very Rev. Superior, Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary*, and stating the resolve to offer, for example, one Friday Communion each month or a Rosary every Friday. We are certain that this idea will appeal to not a few among our friends.

Notice the expiration date on your *Field Afar* envelope.

Try wearing the Chi Rho (key-ro), our Maryknoll pin, and note the inquiries it will bring forth.

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness.

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.

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